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THE STAGE-COACH.

Before setting out on a journey we sometimes think with anxiety of the companions we may chance to meet in our travels, and it is not always that we find them useful and agreeable. On a very important occasion, for me however, I was thrown among those who materially influenced my future life, and to whom under God I owe my reformation.

My father was a rich merchant of Lyons. At an early age he placed me at college, and though I made tolerable progress in learning, I unfortunately made progress also in dissipation and folly. On my return home my conduct grieved my father so much, that one morning he called me into his room, and with a calm that announced unalterable decision, he said, "Edward, my purse and my heart are closed against you until reflection restores to me a son. I have a correspondent at Paris; he will receive you, and if your conduct amends by his counsels, my house will again be open to you." Although my heart was hardened by vice, I could not hear these words from my father without being deeply moved: I put on an air of indifference, however, and next day I was on my road to Paris. My father had given me no embrace at parting, and I felt this coldness more than I cared to allow. It was evening when I stept into the diligence, and there was not sufficient daylight for me to remark my fellow-travellers. I tried to sleep, but sleep would not descend upon my eyelids. I wished to think of Paris, the centre of pleasure, but Lyons interposed itself between it and my imagination, and the thought that I had quitted my home without an embrace from my father, and that my errors were the cause, overwhelmed me with grief and remorse. The rapid movement of the carriage, the quick step of the horses, warned me that every minute removed me farther and farther from home, where they were mourning over the departure of a son who had caused them much anxiety and sorrow. Thus passed the night, and my remorse had left some traces on my countenance; for soon after day-break a sweet voice interrogated me on the cause of my sorrow. "I am not very well," I replied, looking up at the questioner, who proved to be one of the daughters of St. Vincent of Paul, the consolation of the afflicted and indigent. My trouble, my incoherent exclamations, perhaps my sobs (for I had thought my companions slept), had warned her that an unhappy being was near, and she naturally desired to console him. "The mind seems to suffer more than the body," said a benevolent looking grey-haired gentleman. "My age gives me some right to offer you consolation; you feel doubtless as many young men feel on first experiencing a painful separation from a beloved home; you have left a fond mother, perhaps, the remembrance of whose tender cares augments your sorrow at parting, or, perhaps, a father, whose farewell embrace draws tears from your eyes; happy father, how would the tears of his son thrill his paternal heart with joy!" Every word of this struck daggers to my heart; the more the good old man mistook my position, the more agitated I became; but striving to hide my emotion, I replied, "Your last words seem to indicate that you have not experienced the happiness you wish my father."—"No," he replied: "and although we meet for the first time in a stage-coach, I will tell you something of my history; perhaps, my frankness may excite yours, and our conversation may be useful to both.

"I had two children. My daughter lost her mother at an early age, and on her I concentrated all my affections. Brought up without the judicious superintendence of one of her own sex, and encouraged in a taste for dress and expense by my foolish indulgence, she grew up with faults which might have been easily checked in the bud, but which are difficult to eradicate when they have once taken root. I gave her in marriage to one whom I thought a suitable husband, with a dowry rather beyond my means. This dowry, which should have contributed to the comfort of her domestic establishment, rather confirmed her in her imprudence. Her husband, occupied with the affairs of an extensive business, left to her the care of his domestic concerns; but my poor girl, less occupied with the regulation of her household than the adorning of her person, and decorating her rooms with expensive articles of furniture, spent large sums without reflection, and at length encroached materially on her husband's capital. Her husband died in a few years, and left her the guardian of his children. In her new position she calculated no better. Her carelessness exposed her to the depredations of her domestics, and to the deceit of an adroit man of business, and when nearly beggared she sunk under her afflictions: her children would have inherited nothing but her misery had I not come to their assistance." At these words the eyes of the old man filled with tears: he wept for his daughter; but above all, he deplored the fault of leaving her infancy without proper superintendence, and the weak indulgence which had been the original cause of all her misfortunes. "Alas!" he continued, "the conduct of my son gave me no comfort to make up for the misery caused by my daugh

ter's fate. Endowed with very superior talents, he had made astonishing progress in his studies; I rejoiced to see his goodness of heart as well as his brilliant accomplishments, when he left the Polytechnic school, and was immediately made an officer in a regiment of artillery. But example, the sad example, of his brother officers led him astray: he was timid, and had not the moral courage to say no: he yielded, he became disorderly, he drank. Under the influence of wine he gambled, he lost and contracted debts of honour. At length he quarrelled with a brother officer, they fought, my poor boy fell mortally wounded, and he lingered some time after receiving the fatal wound. And now my only consolation is, that at the prospect of death both my children acknowledged and bewailed the sin and folly of their past life, and received the last sacraments, when I trust the Almighty, through the merits of Christ, and the intercession of His Blessed Mother, ratified in heaven the pardon granted by his minister on earth."

During this conversation the coach stopped, and we alighted to breakfast. The old man went no farther; but at parting he shook my hand with such benevolent kindness, that it renewed all my remorse. Like the son of this unfortunate father, I had squandered money in folly and dissipation, like him I had drunk and gamed, and given myself up to the wildest excesses, and would I not like him come to an evil end? The good man saw the expression of pain on my countenance. "Ah," said he, "you are regretting that the generality of men act as if they had no soul to lose; and for the gratification of a moment lose the happiness of eternity!" Fortunately I was thinking of myself rather than of others—the conversation had interested me too deeply not to sink into my heart. In examining the different conditions of life, I recognized the inevitable consequence of idleness and prodigality to be want—of gambling, gluttony, and drunkenness, of vice and dissipation, to be misery even in this life, for if the so-called votaries of pleasure would acknowledge what is passing in their hearts, we would see the torments of hell already begun. "The wicked are as the troubled sea which cannot rest." "There is no peace, saith my God, to the wicked."

I thought of the misery I had witnessed in my own manufacturing town of Lyons. Drunkenness and irregular habits ruining the peace and comfort of families. And I saw at the same time how often this was caused by the carelessness and idleness of the wife. If a woman be always modest and economical, remaining at home to superintend her domestic affairs, preparing an agreeable reception for her husband when he returns worn-out and weary with toil, always cheerful and kind, never angry, sulky, and out of humour, the temptation to leave home, and associate with riotous companions, would be comparatively small. Women who act otherwise, and are there not many? lament over the ruinous dissipation of their husbands, and often forget that they themselves were the originating cause. At the last great day when God condemns the wicked husband to eternal punishment will the selfish, indolent, careless wife escape? I trow not. But in the midst of these reflections, my eyes were opened to my own case. I saw the gulf on the verge of which I stood; and I employed the remainder of my journey in forming good resolutions, placing them under the protection of my guardian angel, of my Mother Mary; and to their intercession I owe it that I was enabled to keep them, and return to the home of my father three years after an altered man. The embrace he had refused me when we parted was abundantly made up; for when pressing me in his arms he sobbed aloud, "I have found a son."

M. E.

SCENERY IN THE PYRENEES.

At times I could have fancied myself riding through the wilderness part of a domain in England, or rather in Scotland or Ireland, for one in England would be better kept: but as we gained the summit of the pass the trees grew thinner and thinner, and the curving slopes of the top of the *Col* appeared, covered with soft green turf. Pleasant as had been the grateful shade, I was not sorry to get out of it, in the hope of again coming into sight of my beloved mountains; but on emerging on that broad terrace, an exclamation of delight and wonder burst from my lips as I looked forward, which was re-echoed by a cry of rapture, as, in obedience to the signal of my guide's hand, I turned my head backward. The eye of Senhor Jose was fixed, but his lips were silent; that eye looked upon the mountains of his own unhappy land. Before us lay a billowy, and undulating extent of mountain and glacier, of every variety of form and aspect, from the Giant Maladetta or "Accursed," with his everlasting snows on the Spanish side of the Pyrenees; the also evil-named Mont Maudits, or "Cursed Mounts," rising like its lesser offspring; and then, down and down, as you drew back your eye from the mountain-touched horizon, over peak and serrated ridge, and sparkling snow beds—down, down still, till it rested on the green, glittering vales running one into another, contracting almost into a defile, and expanding into a basin—with their gleaming and winding streams, or *nestes*, flowing on, on, till in the sunny haze they shine in the distance a line of silver lace. This was the forward view. I turned backward; and there uprose the bare, rocky *Pic d'Arbizon* looking over the solemn fir woods: and loftier, more majestically and curious, towered up the grand *Pic du Midi*, on which I had stood in storm and vapour. Now its bold, bare peak, dark and undisguised, against the clear, bright blue sky; and the base of that peak, or crest, was most fantastically encircled with a light white cloud-wreath; out of which it looked, like one of the heads of our grim ancestors, which we have wondered at in the halls of our sweet childhood, rising stately above the enormous ruffs that in former days inclosed the necks of men.—*Miss Bunbury's Rides in the Pyrenees.*

INDUSTRY ANOTHER WORD FOR HAPPINESS.

"The old man near the Hague, that served my house from his dairy, grew so rich that he gave it over; bought a house, and furnished it at the Hague, resolving to live at ease the rest of his life; grew so weary of being idle, he sold it, and *returned again to his dairy*."—*Sir W. Temple.*

DR. FORSTER'S ADVICE.

Of the extraordinary Power of Mind with which Men are endowed who observe Fasting and Austerity—Various Examples in all the Sciences—Consequences of the Reverse Habits.

No. III.

It was said by Jesus Christ in the sermon on the mount, "First seek ye the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all other things shall be added unto you." And this saying seems to have been remarkably fulfilled by the pious and learned men who composed the Religious Orders of the middle ages. For we have no where, in the whole circle of literature, any such examples of stupendous and useful works on the arts and sciences, as have been produced by them. In this frivolous age, in which it has pleased God to cast our lot, we have certainly much improved on many sciences; and though the art of legislation and moral government have derived very little benefit from them, yet the particular branches of natural history and philosophy have advanced. From this many have vainly inferred, that our ancestors were less scientific than we are, and they are foolishly stigmatized as belonging to dark ages, a period in history signalized above all others for its gigantic labours in civilization, and in all the customs, arts, and sciences, which render human life happy. The principal persons to whom we are indebted for these improvements are, firstly, the Benedictine Monks of the early ages, then the Mendicant Orders of Friars, including the Pilgrims, and lastly the Jesuits, who, notwithstanding the falsehoods uttered against them by the rapacious aristocrats of this age of plunder, have outdone all the rest, both in works of humanity and in scientific labours. The present century boasts of its literary institutions and societies, but they seem composed of punies, when compared to the men to whom I allude; they prate and conceit themselves much about science to be sure; but, with the exception of a few individuals, highly gifted by nature, such as Sir I. Newton, and some great philosophers, they may be justly said to have improved much less on the discoveries of our forefathers than might have been expected. I attribute this to the voluptuous habits of the times, and the weakness both of mind and body which they engender; and particularly to the loss of that habit of long attention and perseverance in labour of mind, which is so requisite to the perfection of genius. Habitual sensuality begins by destroying the voluntary power of the individual over the wanderings of fancy: hence the faculty of attention is impaired, irrelevant ideas obtrude, and the whole of that beautiful machinery, the mind of man, is deranged. And thus it happens that persons fitted by Nature for intellectual exertion, either seek to dispel the tedium of life in sports which were fitter for the meaner grades of intellect alone, or expend their remaining energies on novels, plays, and other light and useless reading. I have heard many men who are fond of science, and still fonder of being thought scientific, say that they would give anything to have the genius and power of mind possessed by Archimedes, Galileo, or other great philosophers; who, nevertheless, have appeared to me to have much of the requisite talents; and who might have succeeded to their wishes if the bad habits of modern life had not enfeebled their minds. I have told them that there was no royal road to greatness; and that in this, as in other things, we must obtain the crown by carrying the cross; or, in other words, that the mortification of the voluptuous solicitations of the body, together with fasting and abstinence, constitute the ordeal through which ambitious students must pass, in order to obtain a consciousness of control over a large store of recollected knowledge. To the want of this power, combined with an idle and desultory distribution of time, I ascribe the fact, that persons really fond of knowledge, and having their whole time on their hands, actually achieve nothing great or useful in science; or if they do, they confine it to some particular hobby horse which they ride eternally, to the exclusion of everything else.

Sweetly wilt thou take thy rest, if thy heart reprehend thee not. He that does a bad thing in zeal for his friend, burns the golden thread that ties their hearts together. Prepare to yourself every day a rosary or chaplet of good works to present to God at night.

THE FIRST OF MARCH.

The bud is in the bough, and the leaf is in the bud,
And Earth's beginning now in her veins to feel the blood,
Which, warm'd by summer suns in th' alembic of the vine,
From her founts will over-run in a ruddy gush of wine.

The perfume and the bloom that shall decorate the flower,
Are quickening in the gloom of their subterranean bower;
And the juices meant to feed trees, vegetables, fruits,
Unerringly proceed to their pre-appointed roots.

How awful is the thought of the wonders under ground,
Of the mystic changes wrought in the silent, dark profound;
How each thing upward tends by necessity decreed,
And a world's support depends on the shooting of a seed!

The Summer's in her ark, and this sunny-pinion'd day
Is commission'd to remark whether Winter holds her sway:
Go back, thou dove of peace, with the myrtle on thy wing,
Say that floods and tempests cease, and the world is ripe for Spring.

Thou hast fann'd the sleeping Earth till her dreams are all of flowers,
And the waters look in mirth for their overhanging bowers;
The forest seems to listen for the rustle of its leaves,
And the very skies to glisten in the hope of summer eves.

Thy vivifying spell has been felt beneath the wave,
By the dormouse in its cell, and the mole within its cave;
And the summer tribes that creep, or in air expand their wing,
Have started from their sleep at the summons of the Spring.

The cattle lift their voices from the valleys and the hills,
And the feather'd race rejoices with a gush of tuneful bills;
And if this cloudless arch fills the poet's song with glee,
O thou sunny first of March, be it dedicate to thee.

ENCOUNTER WITH A PRAIRIE WOLF.

I have never known these animals, rapacious as they are, extend their attacks to man, though they probably would if very hungry, and a favourable opportunity presented itself. I shall not soon forget an adventure with one of them, many years ago, on the frontier of Missouri. Riding near the prairie border, I perceived one of the largest and fiercest of the gray species, which had just descended from the west, and seemed famished to desperation. I at once prepared for a chase; and, being without arms, I caught up a cudgel, when I betook me valiantly to the charge, much stronger, as I soon discovered, in my cause than in my equipment. The wolf was in no humour to flee, however, but boldly met me full half-way. I was soon disarmed, for my club broke upon the animal's head. He then "laid to" my horse's legs, which, not relishing the conflict, gave a plunge, and sent me whirling over his head, and made his escape, leaving me and the wolf at close quarters. I was no sooner upon my feet than my antagonist renewed the charge; but, being without weapon, or any means of awakening an emotion of terror, save through his imagination, I took off my large black hat, and, using it for a shield, began to thrust it towards his gaping jaws. My *ruse* had the desired effect; for, after springing at me a few times, he wheeled about and trotted off several paces, and stopped to gaze at me. Being apprehensive that he might change his mind and return to the attack, and conscious that, under the compromise, I had the best of the bargain, I very resolutely—took to my heels, glad of the opportunity of making a drawn game, though I had myself given the challenge.—*Journal of a Santa Fé Trader.*

"THE WANDERING JEW."

A ROMANCE under this name has lately issued from the French press, and which has been translated into many modern languages. We confess that we know little of the work, except from the extracts which have appeared in the English papers, and from the censures passed upon it by the wisest and best men of the continent, and the least prejudiced and most intellectual of our separated friends in this country. All that we have gathered from these sources, however, would make us look on the work with deep disgust. The author, we have understood, has seized on an old and popular story, and has made it the ground-work of licentious and ribald sentiments, of attacks on all that is venerable and good in society and government, and especially of horrible slanders against the Society of Jesus. On offal of this kind we have no wish to feed, nor have we ever entertained the thought of picking any pieces from it with which to fill a dish for our readers. Those who lay aside all respect for themselves and the world, who prove themselves utterly devoid of moral and religious principles, and who are willing to barter heaven itself for a flippant joke or a laugh, can soon learn the art of composing such a story, for it consists in treating God and all sacred things with a levity at which fiends would shrink, and with such sensualism as might brand a harlot's brow with blushes. Let not the young suppose for a moment, that because a book written in such a spirit is popular, that, therefore, it must possess excellence, and its author be a man of genius; irreligious sauciness and immoral sentiment, and it must be added, hearts ever craving excitement, sometimes give currency to a work as disgraceful and pernicious to purchasers as to its author. Nearly all the cheap literature of the day is occupied at this time by this tale of Eugene Sue, the story on which it is built being as simple, and harmless, or interesting, as we shall see later, as any tale of the kind, and affording as little justification for the monstrous fiction raised upon it (we may not unreasonably say), as the holy scriptures themselves for the flippant and irreligious tales of Voltaire. And what terrible mischief* do these stories effect!—they have a direct tendency to spoil the literary taste, for those who accustom themselves to feed on such seasoned food can hardly ever afterwards relish the simpler and healthier feasts which older and better authors provide; but what is worst of all, they corrupt the heart, and fill the imagination with monstrous and detestable ideas. A correspondent has sent us the original story as former ages received it, and our readers will see that it contains not a line to authorise Eugene Sue in disfiguring it with profaneness and licentiousness.

The story of the Wandering Jew is of considerable antiquity: it had obtained full credit in this part of the world before the year 1228, as we learn from Matthew Paris. For in that year, it seems, there came an Armenian archbishop into England, to visit the shrines and relics preserved in our churches; who, being entertained at the monastery of St. Alban's, was asked several questions relating to his country, &c. Among the rest, a monk who sat near him, inquired "if he had ever seen or heard of the famous person named Joseph, that was so much talked of; who was present at our Lord's crucifixion, and conversed with him, and who was still alive in confirmation of the Christian faith." The archbishop answered that the fact was true.

The account of this Joseph generally believed at that time was, that he had been porter to Pontius Pilate, and was named Cartaphilus: who, when they were dragging Jesus out of the door of the judgment hall, struck him with his fist on the back, saying, "Go faster, Jesus, go faster; why dost thou linger?" upon which Jesus looked at him with a frown, and said, "I indeed am going, but thou shalt tarry till I come." Soon after he was converted, and baptised by the name of Joseph. He lives for ever, but at the end of every hundred years falls into an incurable illness, and at length into a fit or ecstacy, out of which, when he recovers, he returns to the same state of youth he was in when Jesus suffered, being then about thirty years of age. He remembers all the circumstances of the passion and resurrection of our Lord, the saints that arose with him, the composing of the Apostles' Creed, their preaching, and dispersion; and is himself a very grave and holy person." This is the account given us by Matthew Paris, who was himself a monk of St. Alban's, and was living at the time when this Armenian archbishop made the above relation.

Since his time, however, several impostors appeared at intervals under the name and character of "the Wandering Jew;" whose several histories may be seen in Calmet's History of the Bible. See also the Turkish Spy, vol. ii. book iii. let. 1. The story told in the following ballad, is of one who was believed to have been a Jewish shoemaker at the time of our Lord's crucifixion, and who appeared in Hamburg in 1547. The ballad, however, seems to be of later date. It is in black letter in the Pepys collection.

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* M. Villemain had been for some time past impressed with an idea that he was to perish by the hands of the Jesuits. He had of late devoted much time to the perusal of works relative to the doctrines, acts, and history of that celebrated order; he studied its old constitutions, carefully examined all the criminal charges adduced against the disciples of Loyola, regularly read the *feuilleton* of the *Juif Errant*, in the *Constitutionnel*, and had come to the conclusion that they had never hesitated at adopting any means which would free them from their enemies; and that, having thwarted them in their design to seize upon and monopolise public instruction in France, he should necessarily be sacrificed. Some days ago he expressed his fears on the subject to M. Guizot, who, finding him perfectly rational on all other matters, did not suspect that his reason was impaired. He treated his apprehensions as chimerical, and observed, "If you, a good catholic, consider your life in danger, what have I to expect who am a protestant?" M. Villemain is extremely attached to his wife, who shortly after the birth of her first daughter, evinced symptoms of insanity. She was accordingly placed in a *maison de santé*, where, under the care of Dr. Esquirol, she so far recovered as to be allowed to return to her family. Several years elapsed, during which she gave birth to two other daughters, without experiencing any return of that cruel malady, when, suddenly, she was again attacked by it, and has ever since been under treatment in a *maison de santé*. M. Villemain called to see her on Saturday; when, it appears, he manifested to her his apprehensions of the Jesuits with more earnestness than usual; and they both worked themselves into such a state of exaltation, that the man in attendance became alarmed, and sent for the medical director. The latter with difficulty succeeded in calming him. "Yes," exclaimed M. Villemain, "the Jesuits have vowed my destruction! I am doomed, I know; for I have resisted their encroachments, and they never forgive. History shows that they have had recourse to the dagger and to poison to rid themselves of their opponents. Eugene Sue (the author of the *Juif Errant*) has clearly proved it. When they have dared to make victims of crowned heads, what mercy have I to expect? I am quite reconciled to my fate; but my poor wife, and my three innocent children, who is to protect them, for that implacable society will visit on them the sins of their father?" The director was obliged to remove him by force from the room; and the scene he had just witnessed having convinced him that M. Villemain was not right in his mind, he deemed it his duty to apprise his family of that fact. On Tuesday, a consultation of all the most distinguished physicians of Paris was held at the ministry of public instruction. We have been assured that, in the morning, the patient, in a fit of fever—which it was hoped would not endure long—had leaped out of the window of the hotel looking on the garden, but fortunately without experiencing the least injury. Repose, and the care with which he is surrounded, will, we trust, soon restore M. Villemain to his friends, his family, and his three charming young daughters.—*The Times newspaper.*

"When as in faire Jerusalem
Our Saviour Christ did live,
And for the sins of all the worlde
His own deare life did give;
The wicked Jews with scoffes and scornes
Did dailye him molest,
That never till he left his life,
Our Saviour could not rest.

When they had crown'd his head with thornes,
And scourged him to disgrace,
In scornefulle sort they led him forthe
Unto His dying place,
Where thousand thousands in the streete
Beheld him passe along,
Yet not one gentle heart was there,
That pityed this his wrong.

Both young and old reviled him,
As in the streete he wente,
And nought he found but churlish tauntes,
By every ones consente:
His own deare crosse he bore himselfe,
A burthen far too greate,
Which made him in the streete to fainte,
With bloude and water sweate.

Being wearie thus, he sought for reste,
To ease his burthened soule,
Upon a stone; the which a wretch
Did churlishly controule;
And sayd, Awaye, thou King of Jewes,
Thou shalt not reste thee here;
Pass on; thy execution place
Thou seest draweth neare.

And thereupou he thrust him thence;
At which our Saviour sayd,
I sure will reste, but thou shalt walke,
And have no journeye stayed.
With that this cursed shoemaker,
For offering Christ this wrong,
Left wife and childerne, house and all,
And went from thence along.

When after he had seene the bloude
Of Jesus Christ thus shed,
And to the crosse his bodye nail'd,
Away with speed he fled
Without returning back againe
Unto his dwelling place,
And wandred up and downe the worlde,
A runnagate most base.

No restinge could he find at all,
No ease; nor hearts content;
No house, nor home, nor bidinge place:
But wandring forthe he went
From towne to towne in foreigne landes,
With grieved conscience still,
Repenting for the heinous guilt
Of his forepassed ill.

Thus after some fewe ages past,
In wandring up and downe:
He muche againe desired to see
Jerusalem's renowne,
But findinge it all quite destroyed,
He wandred thence with woe,
Our Saviour's wordes, which he had spoke,
To verifie and showe.

The worlde he still hath compassed rounde
And seene those nations strange,
That hearinge of the name of Christ,
Their idol Gods doe change:
To whom he hath told wondrous things
Of time forepast, and gone,
And to the princes of the worlde
Declares his cause of moane:

Desiring stille to be dissolved,
And yield his mortal breath;
But, if the Lord hath thus decreed,
He shall not yet see death.

For neither lookes he old or young,
But as he did those times,
When Christ did suffer on the crosse
For mortall sinners' crimes.

He hath passed through many a foreigne place,
Arabia, Egypt, Africa,
Grecia, Syria, and greate Thrace,
And throughout all Hungaria.
Where Paul and Peter preached Christ
Those blest apostles deare;
There he hath tolde our Saviour's wordes,
In countries far and neare.

And lately in Bohemia,
With many a German towne;
And now in Flanders, as 'tis thought,
He wandreth up and downe.
Where learned men with him conferre
Of those his lingering days,
And wonder much to heare him telle
His journeyes, and his wayes.

If people give this Jew an almes,
The most that he will take
Is not above a groat a time:
Which he for Jesus' sake,
Will kindlye give unto the poore,
And thereof make no spare,
Affirming still that Jesus Christ
Of him hath dailye care.

He ne'er was seene to laugh or smile,
But weepe and make greate moane;
Lamenting stille his miseries,
And dayes forepast and gone:
If he heare any one blaspheme,
Or take God's name in vaine,
He telles them that they crucifie
Their Saviour Christ againe.

If you had seene his death, saith he,
As these mine eyes have done,
Ten thousand thousand times would yee
His torments think upon:
And suffer for his sake all paine
Of torments, and all woes.
These are his wordes, and eke his life
Whereas he comes or goes."

(From an old Chronicle.) J. W.

Always act in the presence of children with the utmost circumspection. They mark all you do, and most of them are wiser than you imagine.

Wise sayings often fall on barren ground, but a kind word is never thrown away.

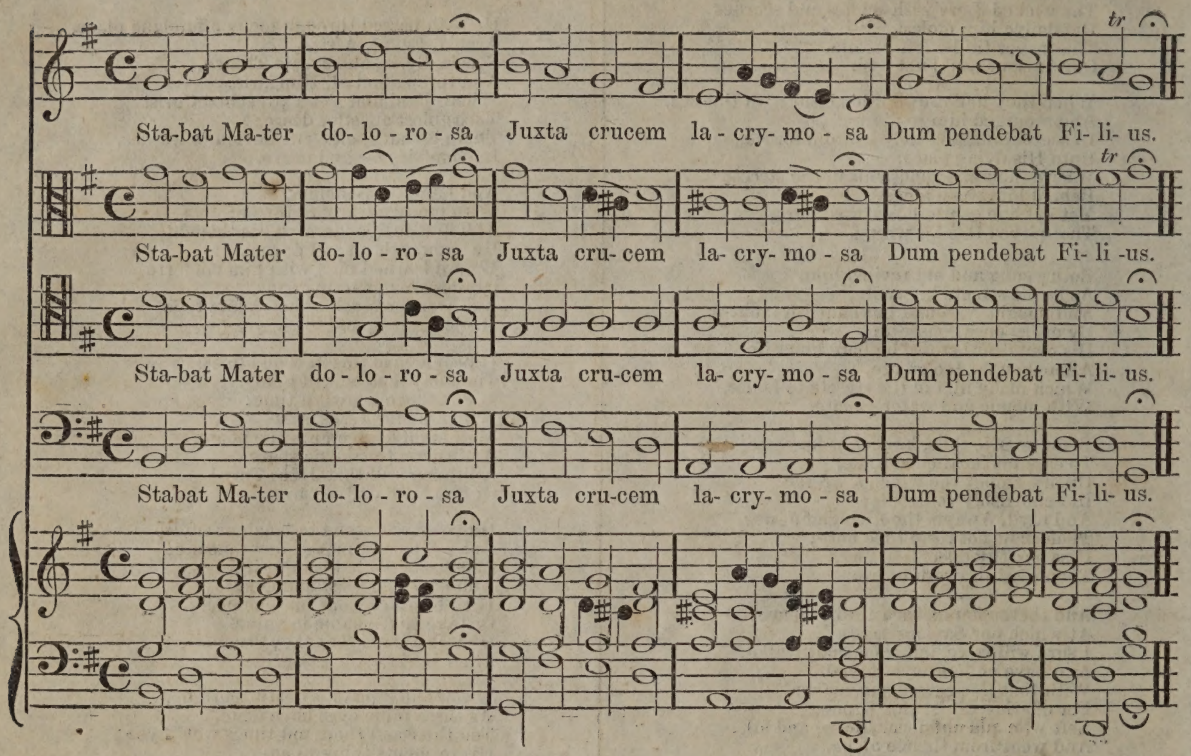
When we see the rapid motions of insects at evening, we exclaim, "How happy they must be!" so inseparably are activity and happiness connected in our minds.

All information pursued without any wish of becoming wiser or better thereby, I class among the gratifications of mere curiosity, whether it be sought for in a light novel or a grave history.

How often do we sigh for opportunities of doing good, whilst we neglect the openings of Providence in little things which would frequently lead to the accomplishment of most important usefulness!

He must know little of the world, and still less of his own heart, who is not aware how difficult it is, amidst the corrupting examples with which it abounds, to maintain the spirit of devotion unimpaired, or to preserve in their due force and delicacy those vivid moral impressions, that quick perception of good, and instinctive abhorrence of evil, which form the chief characteristics of a pure and elevated mind. These, like the morning dew, are easily brushed off in the collisions of worldly interest, or exhaled by the meridian sun. Hence the necessity of frequent intervals of *retirement*—when the mind may recover its scattered powers, and renew its strength by a devout application to the Fountain of all grace.

STABAT MATER.


Sta-bat Ma-ter do- lo - ro - sa Juxta crucem la - cry- mo - sa Dum pendebat Fi- li- us.
Sta-bat Mater do- lo - ro - sa Juxta cru- cem la- cry- mo - sa Dum pendebat Fi- li -us.
Sta-bat Mater do - lo - ro - sa Juxta cru-cem la- cry- mo - sa Dum pendebat Fi- li- us.
Stabat Ma-ter do- lo - ro - sa Juxta cru-cem la- cry- mo - sa Dum pendebat Fi- li- us.

2 Cujus animam gementem
Contristatam et dolentem
Pertransivit gladius.

3 O quam tristis et afflicta
Fuit illa Benedicta
Mater Unigeniti!

4 Quæ mœrebat et dolebat
Et tremebat, cum videbat
Nati pœnas inclyti.

5 Quis est homo qui non fleret,
Christi matrem si videret
In tanto supplicio?

6 Quis posset non contristari,
Piam matrem contemplari
Dolentem cum Filio?

7 Pro peccatis suæ gentis
Vidit Jesum in tormentis,
Et flagellis subditum.

TRANSLATION.

1 A MOURNING Mother took her stand
Fast by the cross that held her Son,
And bitter were the tears she wept,
All desolate and lone.

2 And, oh! the groanings of her soul
(The soul that could not—would not rest)
Told that the sword of grief had gone
Right through her bleeding breast.

3 What deep'ning woe—what utter grief
Came heavy on the mourner mild!
For, ah! she had a Mother's heart,
And He—her only child.

4 And how she sobb'd, and how she moan'd
And how the tears ran rolling down,
And how she clasp'd her trembling hands
To see her bleeding Son!

5 Now, who is he could coldly stand
And look with an unweeping eye
Upon the Mother of our Lord
In such strange agony?

6 And who is he that would not share
The sorrows of that Blessed One—
The Mother who so deeply shared
The sorrows of her Son?

8 Vidit suum dulcem natum
Morientem, desolatum,
Dum emisit spiritum.

9 Eia mater, fons amoris,
Me sentire vim doloris;
Fac ut tecum lugeam.

10 Fac ut ardeat cor meum
In amando Christum Deum,
Ut sibi complaceam.

11 Sancta Mater, istud agas,
Crucifixi fige plagas
Cordi meo valide.

12 Tui Nati vulnerati
Tam dignati pro me pati
Pœnas mecum divide.

13 Fac me vere tecum flere,
Crucifixo condolere,
Donec ego vixero.

14 Juxta crucem tecum stare,
Te libenter sociare
In planctu desidero.

15 Virgo virginum præclara,
Mihi jam non sis amara,
Fac me tecum plangere

16 Fac ut portem Christi mortem,
Passionis fac consortem,
Et plagas recolere.

17 Fac me plagis vulnerari,
Cruce hac inebriari,
Ob amorem Filii.

18 Inflammatus et accensus
Per te, Virgo, sim defensus
In die Judicii.

19 Fac me cruce custodiri,
Morte Christi præmuniri,
Confoveri gratia.

20 Quando corpus morietur,
Fac ut animæ donetur
Paradisi gloria. Amen.

V. Tuam ipsius Animam pertransivit gladius.
R. Ut revelentur ex multis cordibus cogitationes.

7 She saw how, on His virgin flesh
The blood-knots left their ghastly trace;
And all to do away the guilt
Of a polluted race.

8 She saw, she saw her sweetest Son
Alone and desolate in death,
While from His vivid lips and parch'd,
Died off the fainting breath.

9 Come, then, my Mother, fount of love,
Come, and with me thy griefs divide;
Oh! let my sorrows flow with thine
In one commingling tide.

10 Oh! let my bosom catch the fire
Which glows among the blest above;
That I may burn, and burning die
A holocaust of love.

11 Be thine alone the tender care—
Thine the sweet task, my Mother blest,
The image of the Crucified
To print upon my breast.

12 Come, share with me—come, share with me
The sorrows of thy wounded Son;
For, ah! it is for me He dies—
For me the life-drops run.

13 Let me but mix my tears with thine,
And never let them cease to flow
In sorrow for my murdered Love
While I have life below.

14 For, oh! to stand beside His cross
In sweet companionship with thee—
And oh! to weep as thou hast wept—
This—this alone for me.

15 Then let me weep as thou hast wept,
Thou dearest of the Virgin train;
And do not, for sweet pity's sake,
My humble suit disdain.

16 Yes! let me weep my Saviour's death,
And let me share my Saviour's woe,
And let me gaze upon His wounds
With reverence deep and low.

17 Give me to bear the wounds He bore
(So patient and so wondrous mild),
And love the Cross for the dear sake
Of thy Divinest Child.

18 With bosom full of heavenly fire
May I, O Virgin, take my stand
In the great day of future doom,
Safe at thy Son's right hand—

19 Safe 'neath the shadow of His Cross—
Safe through His Death (in whom our race
Hath found an everlasting life)—
Safe in his fostering grace.

20 And, Oh!—when in the sleep of death
I lay me down and close my eyes,
May my awak'ning spirit see
The glories of the skies.

A.

THE BLACK LADY.

(Continued from page 54.)

CHAPTER VIII.

TELLING HOW EUGENE WAS SAVED.

We have recounted how Eugene was carried out of Annette's sight in the little boat. That same day the Countess was walking on a terrace that ran along the side of the lake. She was absorbed in reflections on such subjects as her retired situation gave rise to, when suddenly she was startled by the cries which the poor little boy uttered in his frail bark. She mounted the parapet so as to see more clearly, and beheld a child raising to heaven his suppliant hands. The lady took out her white handkerchief, and waved it in the air, to let him know that he was seen, and that they would render him speedy aid. At the same time she called loudly for her servants; they came running up quite out of breath, thinking that some misfortune must have happened to their mistress. The Countess pointed out to them the boat with the child, and told them the boy must be saved, promising a handsome recompense to any one of them that would undertake this work of charity.

The servants beheld her agitation with a lively sorrow, and expressed their grief at not being able to obey her wishes. For they had no boat, and none of them could swim, so they dared not expose themselves to a certain death on the raging lake.

"What!" cried the Countess with warmth, "will you, then, leave the poor little thing to perish so near us? O my God!" continued she, "take pity on this innocent creature, and do not allow him to find a grave in the bosom of the angry waves!"

She uttered these last words with such a lively faith and such a tone of confidence, that they drew tears from all the assistants. An instant after a sudden blast of wind gave a different direction to the boat, and wafted it gently towards the terrace. At the sight, the Countess uttered a cry of joy: "God has heard our prayer," said she with transport; "the infant will not perish!" And, in fact, the boat glided softly to the foot of a willow tree, and stopped there as if waiting for some one to come and release the boy from his perilous situation. The Countess in the greatest joy ran down to the water's edge, and the child cast himself into her arms; but at the sight of *the Lady clad in black*, he began to tremble, and begged of her not to injure him, and to spare his life.

The lady, feigning not to understand what he meant by these words, encouraged him, and conducted him to the terrace, where all the servants came clustering around him. The more she looked at the child, the more her heart was moved. She thought of her own son, who, had he been still alive, would have been about the same age as this child; and this reflection, painful though it was, overwhelmed her heart with feelings that cannot be described. She took the boy's hand, led him to the castle, and bade the servants get something for him to eat; but at first the child would touch nothing, fearing that everything they offered him was enchanted, and that by eating of it he himself would fall a victim to the sorceries of *the Black Lady*. But, at last, worn out with hunger, and overcome by the persuasions of the Countess, he was prevailed on to eat. At last he said to the lady, "Tell me who you are! Will you let me go back to my uncle? he will surely be very uneasy about me. And my little sister Annette! oh! I know how much she will be crying for me; she loves me well, and I love her too."

"Then you have an uncle and a sister in the country, have you?" asked the Countess. "Where are your parents?" And Eugene began telling her, with the simplicity of his tender age, all that he knew of his history. Every word he uttered was like an arrow piercing the heart of the poor lady; she interrupted the child, suddenly exclaiming, "O my God, can it be possible?" and then, for a long time, she sate silently lost in the thoughts that tore her sorrowing heart, without paying any attention to the child, who still went on with his simple story.

All this was a mystery to Eugene; he finished his account of his uncle and his little sister, and then again asked earnestly to be allowed to return home. "It is too late to-day," answered the lady. "You see what a stormy night it is; so make yourself resigned, and we will consider to-morrow what we ought to do." And from that moment there was no end to the care the lady took of little Eugene; she did every thing in her power to

render his residence in the castle pleasant and agreeable. The servants did not know what to make of all this kindness to a little stranger—an unknown child; but for fear of displeasing their mistress, they too showed him every attention.

But Eugene's astonishment was unbounded at the sight of the beautiful little bed which they had prepared for him, in the nicest room he had ever seen—for him, who, during many years, had never slept on any but a bed of straw. He passed a quiet and happy night; and the next morning brought a repetition of *the Black Lady's* tender cares. She took him into her parlour, and showed him the pictures. There was one representing a pretty little child—at the sight of it, he stopped and said to the Countess, "That is the prettiest of all, my lady—that little girl with her eyes always fixed on me. She is as like my little sister Annette, as one drop of water is to another. I wish Annette were here and could see it!"

These last words made such an impression on the Countess, that she exclaimed in the excess of her joy, "Do you say it is like your sister? Oh God! what happiness! you would like Annette to see it? very well; she *shall* come and see it; and stop here with you. But you must promise me to be good, and cry no more: now you will promise me that, won't you, my little friend?"

"But, then," said Eugene, heaving a deep sigh, "what will uncle Conrad say? He is so very fond of us!"

"Well, then, uncle Conrad shall come too; so now you may be content, and make yourself happy till you see them;" and she pressed him to her bosom, told him that she loved him dearly, that she would be to him as a mother, and take care of him for ever.

Eugene answered these caresses of the lady, by telling her, that now he feared her no longer, and would obey her cheerfully; if uncle Conrad would give him leave, he would often come with Annette and see her; and when he grew older and bigger, he would bring her birds' nests, and a little lamb; and would give her any thing he had to please her. These artless promises, signs of a generous heart, transported the poor Countess with joy; and she was conscious of a new and exquisite pleasure within her heart, such as she had never experienced during the long and sore trials which she had supported with so much courage and resolution.

CHAPTER IX.

THE RECOGNITION.

The Countess waited with great impatience for the coming of Father Morand, to make him a partner of her thoughts on the subject of the boy's history. She would have sent for him during the week; but she was hindered by her fear of fatiguing the good old man. It was during this interval, that she planned the little schemes I have mentioned to amuse Annette, and sent her the presents that afforded her so much delight. At last Father Morand presented himself at the castle, and it was determined, that next day he should go and seek the little girl, after having firs arranged every thing with Conrad. The uncle went to the castle by a different road from the good Priest, and was presented to the Countess in the garden, where she was walking. She asked him what children these were, and how long they had lived with him. Without a moment's hesitation he gave her the following account:

"These children have been with me four years; I am not their uncle, but I pretended to be, in order to escape the questions of the country-people. I am an old soldier; and having received my discharge, I used to gain my livelihood by following the army as a dealer in provisions. One day, I found these poor children in a forest, concealed among some underwood, whither they had fled for fear of being carried away by the soldiers. They were crying piteously, and seemed dying with hunger; they never ceased calling for their mother. At a little distance from the spot, were scattered here and there the shattered parts of a carriage, in which, according to the little boy's account, they had come into the forest with their mother, who was fleeing before the soldiers of our army. The little boy might have been, at that time, about four years of age, and the girl about two. Their tears and cries pierced my very heart. I lifted them up and carried them to my wife; and she took care of them. I then made inquiries after their mother; but could learn nothing that gave me any clue, as to where I was likely to find her. So I kept them, and they travelled with me into many countries. Some time after this, peace was made; but I had the misfortune to lose my wife; she died of a fever. I had acquired a little fortune, so

I determined to find some quiet spot, where I might pass the rest of my days in tranquillity. As all the part of the country where I then was, had been ravaged in the course of the war, I came into Switzerland with the two children, and bought the little farm which I have held ever since, and where, thanks be to God, I have found peace and quiet. And this, Madam, is all I have to tell you about the poor children."

"How were the infants dressed when you found them."

"The boy wore a brown robe, with a belt of the same colour; and the little girl was covered with a grey cloak."

"Did you find any thing particular upon them? What mark was there on their clothes?"

"Annette carried round her neck a little golden cross, tied to a green silk ribbon; their clothes were marked with a star surmounted by a crown."

"Oh gracious Heaven!" cried the Countess, "what joy you have had in store for me! They are my own dear children. And to convince you of it, Annette ought to have on her left arm a mark in the shape of a violet. Have you ever noticed it!"

"No, Madam, but that can be seen in a moment."

"The Countess and Conrad entered the room together, where Eugene and Annette were chatting merrily with Father Morand. He was preparing them to receive the good news, which he himself knew in part."

At the sight of Conrad the children ran up to him, to testify by their caresses the joy they felt in seeing him again. But the Countess, who was all impatience to make herself known to them, carried Annette in her arms and placed her beneath the picture, which Eugene had declared to be her portrait. She compared it with the child's features, and was astonished at the perfect likeness. Conrad was summoned to the spot, and could not suppress his wonder at the resemblance. The Countess then untied the sleeve of Annette's dress and recognized the mark, which was perfectly visible.

It is out of the question to attempt to describe her delight. She folded the two children in her arms, and inundated them with tears. They were at a loss to comprehend what it all meant. The happy Countess could find no words to express to them her feelings at that moment; and her joy found utterance only in tears and caresses.

At length Father Morand said, "My dear children, these expressions of love ought not to astonish you; because it is now time for you to know, that you are in the arms of your Mother. The good God of Heaven took you from her for a time, and placed you under the protection of this estimable man, who found you exposed in an open forest. Left there without his assistance, you might perhaps have been the victims of wild beasts, or the prey of famine. Never forget this mark of God's tenderness, and whilst you are restored to her who gave you the light of day, often thank your Heavenly Father, for having preserved you till this hour, to increase your own happiness and complete the joy of your Mother."

At these words, the good children cast themselves on their knees and raised up their innocent hands to Heaven, to thank God for the blessings he had showered down upon them. This action affected the Countess beyond measure; it increased her joy many degrees, for she had not only *found* her long lost children, but had found them full of piety and virtue. With fresh transport she pressed them to her heart, and once again she heard from their mouths the sweet name of Mother—a name, to the music of which she had long been a stranger, and whose echoes she had thought were hushed for ever.

She next assembled all her household, and announced her happiness to them. Father Morand had to remain till next morning at the castle; it was too late for him to attempt to return that night to the monastery of Righi. Next morning he celebrated the holy Sacrifice of the Mass, and the Countess with her children, and the household, all assisted at it. After the Gospel, he turned round towards his little auditory, and, with a flood of tears bursting from his eyes, he thus addressed them:

"There is a touching history recorded in our Holy Scriptures, and one that makes every sensitive heart leap for joy; it is that of Joseph, whom Providence protected in a most admirable manner. Jacob, his aged father, whom he used to delight by his early wisdom and his innocent manners, had long wept for him, believing that he had been devoured by wild beasts: his heart would hear of no comfort for the loss of this amiable child. In the depth of his sorrow, a report suddenly reaches him that Joseph is living, and sharing the highest dignities in the kingdom of Egypt. My friends, God's arm is not shortened.

What the Lord formerly did in favour of Joseph, by miraculously preserving him for his father, He has just repeated in these our days, by restoring to an afflicted Mother two innocent children, whom she, too, had wept over as lost to her for ever. May this touching mark of His goodness never be forgotten by us! In every event that occurs, let us adore the ways of Providence—let us submit ourselves to its direction without complaint—and let us always bear in mind, that when sometimes it afflicts us, it always has some object in view, and knows how to bring every thing to a happy issue. I need hardly tell you, with how much confidence we ought to trust in it, and above all things, never to lose courage. For God's Providence sometimes leads us to the edge of the precipice, in order to display more clearly His endless and infinite mercies, in working our joyful deliverance."

Then the holy Religious invoked the choicest blessings of Heaven on this family, whom the Lord had just reunited in so wonderful a manner, and left all his auditory affected even to tears—they were not tears of sorrow. He finished the Mass, at which the pious Countess received the Bread of Life, to thank the God of love for restoring those to her, whom she had considered as torn from her for ever.

That day was a festival for all the inmates of the castle. Every one was eager to congratulate the Countess. Father Morand left his friends to their merriment and returned to his Convent. Soon after he fell sick, sent his blessing to the family, and went to receive in Heaven the recompense of the good and faithful servant. Men said, that the Lord had prolonged his life some days, to employ him as the instrument of his mercies towards this forsaken Mother, and to crown his glorious death with this happy victory.

The Countess mourned for him a long time, and often used to say: "Joys and sorrows often come together in this world. Sometimes God grants us the one, to prepare us for the other. Let us profit by every thing, good as well as evil, to forward us in the paths of perfection."

One day the aged Conrad led his little flock up to the castle, gave his cottage away to a poor family in the village, and passed the remainder of his quiet days with the good children whom he had brought up so ell.

The joy of recovering her children restored health and spirits to the Countess; she laid aside her mourning dress, often went out, and did good to all the country round. The foolish reports that had so long been circulated about her soon died away; she became the tutelary angel of the country; and instead of *the Black Lady*, the villagers began to call her by the affectionate title of—*The Mother of the Poor*, on account of her great goodness and liberality. And long after she had passed away, sweet tears flowed over her tomb, and, dear to God and man, her memory was evermore held in benediction. N. G.

ROME.

On the banks of the Tiber, and in the midst of a vast solitude, strewed with the ruins of aqueducts and tombs, there is a region, of about twelve miles' circuit, encompassed by walls that are obviously done with sieges. These walls are lofty; through their gates the tide of conquest has often poured forth, often rolled back through them again, bearing upon its wave the spoils of triumph: they are fortified with bastions and towers, but evidently they have felt the shocks of twenty centuries; and withal, they are garrisoned *now* only by recollections. Studded, here and there, with broken inscriptions and divers monumental fragments, garlanded with wild flowers, with grass, parasitical herbs, and precarious shrubs, they resemble, not so much the bulwarks of a fortress, as the precinct of some holy place—a fence to guard the ashes of saint and hero from being scattered or confounded with ignoble clay. The region thus encompassed is, in part, occupied by a city, singularly beautiful and magnificent, seated, for the most part, upon the Campus Martius, and on the Vatican fields beyond the Tiber; the rest—far the greater portion—is "a marble wilderness," scattered with

"——the chief relics of almighty Rome."

Of this latter district of the inclosure, the stillness is seldom interrupted, except by some melancholy sound; at night by

"——from out the Cæsars' palace,
The owl's long cry,——"

the howl of the watch-dog, or, haply, some catches of psalmody from monks, in chanting their nocturnal prayer; the vine-dresser's song, by day, may sound less drearily; yet is it also a solemn chant, and chimes not inaptly with the tolling of the "Angelus" at noon, and the "Ave Maria" bell at evening. A mean osteria, perhaps, by the wayside, with wild shepherds and herdsmen of the campagna refreshing their animals at a pool or a fountain, or regaling themselves with a flask or a siesta in the cypress shade; a cassino or a monastery here and there, among the solitudes, with barricadoed doors and casements; a gardener's hut, or a hermit's cell, patched into the sanctuary of a temple, or the alcove of a bath, a theatre, or a banquet hall;—these the only symptoms of animation to be met with, do not relieve, but rather enhance, by the contrast of so much meanness with so much of fallen grandeur, the indescribable desolation of the scenery. The very ruins of palace, amphitheatre, and triumphal arch, seems to exalt themselves higher in sullen haughtiness, and to regard with untterable indignation those vile intruders upon the cemetery of heroism and empire which they guard.—*Rome under Paganism and under the Popes.*

THE GLASS OF WATER.

A Tale.

CHAPTER I.

It was on a beautiful summer evening in the year 1810, that the Curate of the little village of Saint Croix, in the neighbourhood of Seville, returned to his house oppressed with fatigue. This worthy priest was a truly apostolic man; his only riches were his virtue and his learning; and for twenty years he had been the director of a parish as poor as himself; but he was happy in his little parish, for the title of "father of the poor" had a value in his eyes above all the honours of the world. His presbytery was a wretched house, only distinguished from the surrounding dwellings by a roof of slates in place of thatch. No splendid ornaments or costly furniture there met the eye: its only treasure was the virtue of the respected priest, which gave it a higher value in the eyes of heaven and all just appreciators of real merit, than the gilded ceilings which we meet with in the palaces of the great.

Fabio, the old domestic of the Curate, was busy in preparing the *olla podrida** for supper. The table was set, the Curate laid aside his hat and cane, sat down, and offered a chair to an individual who accompanied him. Fabio came in, set the favourite dish upon the table, and was not a little surprised to behold a guest, when he had only reckoned upon his master.

"Another plate," said the Curate. "Bring also a bottle of wine and the bread."

"It's very strange of you," said Fabio grumbling, "bringing people to our house in this manner when you know we are so poor."

"Hold your tongue," replied the priest, "and do what I tell you; where there is food for two there will be food for three, and I would much rather go without my supper altogether, than refuse a mouthful of bread to one of my brethren in distress."

"'Brethren in distress,'" muttered Fabio as he left the room; "the man looks more like a brigand than a christian."

The stranger appeared greatly piqued at this observation of Fabio. He was a man tall of stature, and of a penetrating look; but ill clothed, bespattered with dirt, and of a suspicious appearance. He had a carabine leaning upon his right arm, and every thing about him showed that he did in fact belong to a gang of highway robbers.

"Must I then go," said he to the Curate, "since your servant does not like to see me here?"

"God forbid, my friend, that any one should quit my house in consequence of the insolence of my domestic. Fabio is an excellent servant; you must not take offence at his fancies; as for me I am accustomed to them. As this good old man has been in service with my parents, and has brought me up, he assumes from time to time a certain tone of authority, but I put him in mind of his station, and next minute all is forgotten. Lay aside your arms, say grace, and sit down to table."

"My carabine never quits me, Sir. You know the Castalian proverb, which says, that two friends make but one. My carabine is my best friend, and I am never at my ease except when it is with me. Though I am persuaded of your good intentions towards me, I must nevertheless be upon my guard, since there are people who have the will, and would fain have the power, to hunt me out from hence like a stag. But enough of this—let us sit down to table to partake of your generous hospitality." Fabio returned, set upon the table a plate, some bread, cheese, and fruit, and retired without speaking a word.

The stranger did justice to the little supper, and eat with a ravenous appetite all that they offered him; but he appeared very uneasy, and at the slightest noise he grasped his carabine more firmly. His conversation was lively, and showed that he was not altogether without education, but he had the bad habit of seasoning every word with an oath; he, however, restrained himself a little in the presence of the Curate.

When he had finished his meal he rose from the table, and said to the pastor: "You must now, charitable Samaritan, complete your work. I have a wound in my leg which has not been dressed for eight days. Give me some scraps of linen, and I will free you from my presence."

"Your presence nowise incommodes me," replied the priest. "I have got some ointment which I will put on as well as I can." So saying he went to look for a box in which he kept the ointment, and some linen rags. At the sight of the wound he involuntarily started back. A ball had passed through the leg of the unfortunate man; the swelling was very high, and the flesh greatly bruised.

"You must," said the priest, "have an iron constitution to be able to keep yourself on your legs with so deep a wound. I shall not allow you to leave me to-day: you shall pass the night here, and what with care and repose you will be better on the morrow."

"It is utterly impossible for me to remain here, my dear Sir. There are people expecting me, and I would not for the world cause you any more trouble."

The Curate bathed the wound and dressed it with a shake of his head, like a man who did not expect much success from such a remedy for so severe a wound, and one too that would grow worse for want of care. When the work was completed the stranger took the hand of the Curate. "You have," said he, "done me a great service. Give me a loaf for my friends, and here is a piece of gold for the trouble and expense I have caused you."

"Keep your money," replied the priest, "I am not an inn-keeper or a surgeon. What I have done for you, I have done through charity, and I deserve no reward."

"I thank you, then, for your charity. Pray for me, and may God reward you." So saying, he took his carabine and the loaf, and hurriedly left the dwelling of the priest.

A. G.

*The national dish of the Spaniards being a medley of various sorts of meat, stewed together, and seasoned plentifully with salt and spices.

ST. JOHN'S SEMINARY
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